IDYLLIC.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

To lie beneath a cloudiess sky On moss beside a shallow brook Where smells of wild-flowers in the dells Make me forgetful of my book-

To dream of shepherd with his crook, Of sheep on grassy slopes asleep -To catch a visionary look Of sheperdess, and hear her step Fall like a whisper on the ground -To watch her sunny smiles, and see Her dainty garments, soft and snowy, Fold gracefully her form around, 'Tis like a day in Sicily

With Daphnis and his sweetheart Chloe. -Outing for April.

SHE CURED HIM.

"You are never going to marry Philo

DY S. B.

Mayburns!" It was a bright bay-windowed room, with a ruby fire sparkling in the grate, and a table, well laden with work, drawn up beside its shine. And the prettiest, freshest, most attractive thing to look at in the whole scene was the Widow Glenn herself, stitching industriously away at a strip of cambric ruf-

She was tall and well proportioned, with hair like brown satin flax, blue eyes, and a complexion all pink and white, with the crimson bloom growing beneath the transparent skin in a manner that all the cosmetics on earth might strive vainly to simulate-a woman it did one's heart good to hars she might have been thirty, but she did | up dinner? not look more than twenty-five; for Time, graff, old non-compromiser that he is, had dealt very gently with Josie Glenn!

"Why shouldn't I marry Philo Mayburne?" she asked quietly, as she bit off the end of her thread with teeth white and even

Mrs. Jonesbury groaned and gasped! "He's handsome, isn't he?" "I hain't nothin' to say agin' his looks," croaked Mrs. Jonesbury.

"And his principles and character are beyoud reproach?" "Nobody denies it as I knows of!" unwillingly assented the elder watron. "He is certainly well off!" went on Mrs.

"Yes, he's rich, I s'pose, but-" "But what?"

"His temper, Josephine, his temper, if you must have it!" jerked out Mrs. Jonesbury. "He's as ugly as Cain, and as fault-findin' as old Pharach in the land o' Egypt; and all the world knows that he just fretted his first wife into the grave."

"He won't fret me into the grave," said Josie, sawing diligently on. "How be ye gwine to help yourself?" siked Mrs. Jonesbury, with very evident in-

"Oh. I have ways and means!" "But, Josie, you don't really love him." "Yes. I do!

"With his temper?"

"In spite of his temper, Mrs. Jonesbury. I see and esteem the good which lies unraclaimed beneath that upper stratum of acerbity. Keep down the weeds and the clowers will grow in almost any nature." "It's dreadful easy talkin'," said Mrs. Jonesbury, with a dub ous shake of her head.

"But ye don't know what it is, Josephine Glenn, to be tied for lile to a man that's forever grumblin' shout nothin'!" "There is le." said Josie, with a bine sparkle beneath her long brown eyelashes. I mean

to give him something to gramble about!" "I don't understand you! "Don't you? Nevertheless -- "

But at that instant a bovy of vistors was ushered into the apariment, and Mrs. Jonestury was forced to take her departure unenlightened as to the Widow Glenn's matrimonial policy.

So Philo Mayburne put a pretty ring on Josie Glenn's pretty plump finger and surrendered himself legally into the keeping of that blue eyed dame, little recking of the ordeal in store for him.

"Mrs. Mayburne!" "Yes. Philo."

It was an evening during their first week at home, after the varied changes of the wedding tour, and the newly-made husband was stalking up and down the floor, with his hands in vis pockets, a deepning wrinkle between his brows. "It's one minute after 6 o'clock!"

"I see it is," said Josie, glancing up at the

"And dinner lin't ready. Is this your idea of punctuality?"

The wife made no answer. "The fire sulking again. I do wish our servants would ever pay any attention to

the fire." Still Josie read on. "Mrs. Mayburne!" ejaculated the husband. "Well, my dear?" echoed Josie.

"Wby don't you answer me?" "What shall I say?"

"Anything, Mrs. Mayburne!"

"Well, then permit me to observe that I am very much interested in the book I am Philo's brow graw dark; but he was stopped

from further comment by the ringing of the 'Oyster soup burned again," he growled, letting his spoon drop into the plate with a

"I think it is very nice," said Josie. "And the beef reasted, when I told cook especially to have it boiled!"

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Mayburne, "where is "Difference, ma'sm, difference!" barked Philo, "enough difference to spoil my dinner, that's all "

And pushing back his chair he strode sway from the table. Mrs. Mayburne stayed to finish her meal,

and then sauntered into the parlor, where ber spouse sat glaring at the fire. "Where are my slippers, Mrs. Mayburne?" "On the rug, close to your feet, my dear."

"I don't want the slippers with the fox's head on-I want the slippers with the rosebuds and leaves. It's very strange a man can't take any comfort in his own home." Josie rang the bell and ordered "rosebuds and leaves," but the next rock to split upon was the newspaper.

"Where's my paper? What's the reason a

"Here it is, Philo, folded neatly under the book." "And what is it under the books for? Why

isn't it left where I can find it?" "If you had looked around, my dear ---"But I don't want to look around!" And Mr. Mayburne unfolded the shret and

began to read, his brow still ominously contracted, while Josie sat smiling beside him. her purpose shaping itself more and more definitely in her mind at every moment that the clock measured off with silvery tick. The next evening Mr. Mayburne came home rampant as usual. The sitting-room

was dark and chilly as he stumbled in. "No light?" he demanded, querulously.

"What's the use of a light?" pettishly asked his wife, who was reclining on the sofs under a red afghan. "The fire has gone out half an hour ago."
"The fire out!" Philo stood aghast. "But why didn't you have it kindled up again?"

"Everything goes wrong," grambled Josie, with a peevish elevation of her shoulders. "The kindlings were wet, and the chimney smoked, and -

"Well, well, my dear," said Philo, driven into the unwonted task of consolstion, "I dare say it will all be right."

"All wrong, more likely," fretted Josie. "It is so trying; and dinner isn't ready. although it's half past six-and the fruit been't come for dessert, and I'm so discoursged!

"Wa'll do without the fruit, then." "There's no other dessert." "My dear Josie, it isn't best to let little things fret vou!" "I'll discharge the cook to morrow," said

Josie, scrimoniously. 'Oh, no, my dear! I wouldn't do that; she understands her business remarkably well.

"She burned the oysters yesterday." "Only scorched 'sm, that was all!" "She is always behind hand with the

is my dressing gown?"

will find them. "Oh, here it is, back of the door," said Philo, "just where she always hangs it." "Then why didn't you look there before you asked?" demanded his wife. Mr. May- | from Washington, D. C., in February pre-

"There you go, scattering ashes all over the velvet rug," said Josie, tartly. Mr. Mayburne checked himself, and sat down, shivering in a rocking chair.

chair," groaned his wife; "my poor nerves on Sacramento street, where she was shot at look at in the days of artificial falsity! I'er- are all in a quiver. Why don't they send by her busband. This shooting affected her

"There's the bell now," said Philo, jumping up with alacrity; "come Josie." "I don't think I care for any dinner, now that I have been kept waiting so long," said Mrs. Mayburge.

nice for us." scaked and the turnips dried like mammies, while the bread was new and heavy. Mr. Mayburne opened his lips to complain, bat | that he was insane, and, as a person of un-

Josie was beforehand with him. "My goodness gracious!" she ejaculated, with uplifted hands and eyes. "Such a dinner! Take me away, Philo; I can't sat a mouthful." "Just a little bit of the steak, dear-it's so

very juicy." Not a particle!" said Josie, emphatically. 'Sarah, tell the cook she may go to-morrow.'

"My dear, my dear-pray considerbread sauce," suggested Sarah, with twink-I detest of all others!" exclaimed Josie.

"I am sure it is very nice," said Philo; "see how savory it looks Let me give you tolerable clear recollection of this case. The a wing and a little slice of the breast." murdered woman was a poor, wretched "It's burned to a crisp?" Burned, my dear? Not a bit of it."

petstees." head; "my dinner isspoiled-that's enough." And she walked out of the dining-room tefere. But, Philo, less philosophical tuan his wife, rose and followed her.

flounced down upon the sofa. "Well. "Aren't you just a little-a little cross?"

"Am 1?" "And unreasonable? A trifle so "

"Do you really think so, Philo?" "Yes.

'So do I. I am very cross and outrageousy unressonable!" The dimples had come back to Josie's lips and the sparkle to her eyes. Philo looked bewildered.

But, my dear, what do you mean?" "Philo." said Mrs. Mayburne, calmly, 'you have only been looking into a looking-

"Into a looking-glass, my dear?" "Exactly so. During the last hour you have seen yourself as you appear to the whole world. How do you like the reflec-

She laid her hand lightly on his shoulder as she spoke. Philo Mayburne sat stroking his whiskers meditatively, without answer-

"Am I really as disagreeable as that" he asked presently.

"Yes, quite!

"I hadn't any idea of it." "Because you have never seen yourself as others see you.' Another silence ensued, and then Mr. Mayburne spoke again.

"Josie, nobody shall ever see me again in that light!" this day Mrs. Jonesbury has never left off wondering what mysterious agency wrought a marvelous change in the spirit of Philo Mayburne's dream.

"For he ain't like the same man, no more he ain't!" truthfully observed Mrs. Jonesbury.

Ohio Accepts the Situation,

[Columbus Times.] Hon. George H. Pendleton was appointed by Mr. Cleveland Minister to Berlin. Ohio expected something better for one of the most distinguished of her sons, but the Ohio Democracy are of such sterling material that they will work as well in one place as an-

A Point in Seciology. Springfield Republican. Some men are born barbers, others work themselves up by a gradual apprenticeship, and others thrust themselves boldly into the

Not Indigenous to the Soil. | Kansas City Star.]

business.

Three good Democratic Postmasters in Kansas. How does the fruit strike you?

Captain Mitchell, of the bark Antoine Sala, New York and Havana trade, came home in May, entirely helpless with rheumatism. He went to the mountains, but receiving no benefit, at his wife's request began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. He immediately began to improve; in two months his men can never find a paper when he wants | rhenmatism was all gone, and he sailed in command of his vessel a well man. Hood's Sarsaparilla will help you. Sold by all drug-

> Lew Wallace's Mission. [Chicago Tribune,

Upon his return from the Orient Lew Wallace is expected to produce a sequel to the book "Ben Hur." It will be entitled "Ben Thar." Sunset Cox has a subject for a new work, "Got Thar." Turkey somehow gets an undue proportion of American literary talent.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

ASSISTS MENTAL LABOR. Professor Adolph Ott, New York, says of the Acid Phosphate: "I have been enabled to devote myself to hard mental labor, from shortly after breakfast till a late hour in the evening without experiencing the slightest relaxation, and I would not now at any rate dispense with it."

TRAGEDIAN MURDOCK'S NEPHEW. A Strange Story of a Murderer's Disappear-

ance in California. "Eloped, September 25, 1884," says the San Francisco Call, is the singular entry that appears on the records of the Stockton Asy-

lunt for the Insane opposite the name of

February, 1878, by R. F. Morrison, then Judge of the Fourth District Court. On the night of the 6th of October, 1877, Neice, who had been a night watchman in the United States Mint, went to a house on Fifth street, between Jessie and Mission, carrying in his hand a large white bouquet, which he offered to Jennie O'Neil, a nineteen-year old girl, one of the inmates of the house, who was also known as Emma Meehan. She refused it, whereupon he drew a revolver and fired four shots at her, wounding her in several places. After he had ceased firing he approached the wounded woman, saying: "Kiss me, for I must go, as 'On the contrary, my dear Josie, she is I will swing for this." As he was leaving publicans as of Democrats. A party of Regenerally the soul of punctuality. Where | the house he was arrested by Officer M. Murphy. As soon as he was in custody he "I am sure I don't know," said Josie said to the officer: "Take your revolver spiritlessly. "That chambermaid makes a and kill me, for I have an old mother and rule of putting things just where nobody do not want to disgrace her." The prisoner, who was then twenty-one years of age, and was the son of Adelaide Murdo h, a then was the son of Adelaide Murdo h, a then well-known lecturess, and nephew of James of his three boys. He is not wealthy, but has a good house in Little Rock and a small inburne found it convenient not to hear, but poked the fire diligently.

"There you go, scattering ashes all over formed the acquaintance of the woman he shot, who was a native of Santa Cruz, and married to a man named Meehan, but who had separated from her husband. After "I wish you would stop creaking that | leaving her husband she went into a house mind, and she was sent to the asylum at Steckton, from which piace she had been dis-charged as cured but a short time when Neice became acquainted with her. On the 20th of October the woman died from the effects of the wounds inflicted by Neice, and "New, my dear Josie, don't be unreason- just before dying she declared that Neice had able. I dare say they've got something very | shot her because she refused to support him. In February, 1878, Neice was brought up in The beefsteak was cold, the potatoes water- | Judge Morris' Court for trial for murder, and during the trial a jury was sworn to try

sound mind can not be tried for crime, he was sent to the asylum. On the 24th of May, 1881, D. L. Smoot, then District Attorney, moved to dismiss the indictment against Neice, stating that it was the intention to send Neice to his mother in [Philadelphia. In support of the motion there was read a letter from Dr. Shurtleff, Superintendent of the Asylum at Stockton, in which the writer said: "Although Neice "There's a chicken coming, ma'am, with is still of weak mind and in poor bodily health, he is sufficiently recovered to go at large, and I would therefore advise his re-"Chicken and bread sauce-the very thing | moval." Judge Ferral, then presiding in Department 12 of the Superior Court, before whom the motion was made, said: "I have a ontcast, while the young man had a good position, and appeared to Do try it, Jos'e-really I think it is deli- be surrounded by influential friends.

his mental condition. The jury declared

cious-and there are some steaming baked It is a matter of great surprise to find the Superintendent of the "No," said Josle resolutely, shaking her | asylum advising that Neice should be permitted to go at large. The man is declared to have a homicidal mania, yet it is deliberprecisely as her husband had done the night | ately proposed to send him to Philadelphia to his mother, who is said to be verging on insanity. Under these circumstances I can "Jesie, dear," he caid, hesitatingly, as she | not and will not dismiss the indictment. If what has been stated is true, Neice could kill any one in the community and be wholly irresponsible. I dare not assume the

responsibility of discharging such a man," Recently it came to the knowledge of a reporter for the Call that Neice was no longer an inmate of the asylum, and as he had not been discharged by any order of the Court a visit was paid to the asylum, and the entry which heads this article was discovered. The anthorities at the asylum say they know nothing of Neice's present whereabouts.

HON. BUFUS MAGEE.

A Reminiscence of His Early Career [Lafayette Call.]

Hon. Rufus Magee, of Cass County who has just been tendered the Consul Generalship of the United States to Sweden and Norway, has been quite prominent in the Democratic politics of this State for several years, having been Secretary of the Damocratic State Central Committee, and during the present Legislature Senator representing Cass County. His appointment to a foreign mission recalls to mind an incident in his early experience, which he has certainly not forgotten. In 1866, we think it was, when the writer filled the position of Superitendent of the Lafayette Journal in addition to his other duties Rufus Magee held cases in the composing room working under sing "A." The office was at that time on the corners of Third and Ferry streets, where Duffy's Philo Mayborns kept his word, and to marble shop now is. The Governor's mes-

sage was being set up. The manuscript copy was fearful, the lights bad, the proofs worse, and everybody tired and cross. About 2 o'clock in the morning, when there was yet two or three columns of matter to get up, Magee laid down his stick, washed his hands and put on his coat, leaving an eighth of a column of copy lying unfinished on his case. Upon being asked by the ioreman what he meant, he remarked. "I will never set another type as long as I live!" He was expostulated with leaving the paper in the lurch, in that way, when every line counted, but he was obdurate, and said he was going to study law. The superintendent and proprietor were called into the room, but they could not induce him to go to work. The next we heard of him was at school at Bloomington, and he finally turned up editor and proprietor of the Logansport Pharos, and afterwards as a practitioner of law. His career from that time to the present is known to most of our readers. He has

certainly built himself from the ground up. The Call wishes to add its words to the general commendation with which the nomination of Mr. Rufus Magee, to Minister to Sweden and Norway, has been greeted. He is a consistent Democrat, of course, or he would not have been nominated; but aside from his politics, is a gentleman who will be satisfactory to good citizens of every shade of opinion. He began life a poor boy in a printing office, and has won whatever of distinction and reward he has by hard work. He is a man of character and integrity, and will reflect credit upon our

Government. The New Attorney General.

[Washington Letter to the Cleveland Leader.] As far as clothes and tastes are concerned, Garland and Brewster are as far apart as the poles. Garland pays no attention at all to his personal appearance, and it will not be surprising if he is found during the summer attending to his business, amid all this art, in his shirt sleeves and slippers. He has no ruilles on his shirts, and he wears the oldfashioned kind which button in front and have the wristband attached to the sleeves. His collar is a turn-over one, and that soft silk pecktie of plain black was evidently tied with his own hands. Senstor Garland looks the Democrat all over. His hair is disheveled, and his spectacles he wears on the middle of his nose. He has a broad, low forehead, over which his hair falls while he is at work, making it look still lower. His hands and and feet are very small, and on his left hand's little finger he wears a big seal ring,

which, with the exception of a hair watch chain, is his only jewelry. His wife died at about the time he came to the Senate, but his mother keeps house for him here, and Garland is a widower. He prefers to spend his time with her and his children to loading about the hotels. When not in his office he may be found at his pleasant home Thomas D. Neice, who was committed to on Massachusetts avenue, engaged in work that institution from this city on the 20th of | or play. He likes good living as well as Bayard, but he is not so dainty in his tastes. He has the sweetest tooth of any man in Washington, and when in the Senate used to be always eating candy during a session. He is a great friend of Dan Voorhees, and the two have been called the Damon and Pythias of the Senate. They sat together, lunched together, and laughed and swore together as the occasion seemed to demand while they were in the Senate. Voorhees was very anxious to have Garland appointed Attorney General, and was delighted when it occurred. Senator Garland is a Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, very approachable man, and his good-fellowship has made him the friend as well of Republican Senators called upon Hayes and asked him to appoint Garland instead of Stanley Matthews to the Supreme Beuch, and it is said that Garland's relations with Blaine are of the most friendly nature. He is now fifty three years old, and likes to fish, come outside of his sa' ary.

Mr. Sheedy's Opinton of Mr. Sullivan, [New Orleans Times-Democrat.] "Is the Ryan-Sullivan fight really com-

ing? "It's one hundred to ten that it does not." promptly answered Sheedy.

"Because I don't think Ryan will put up the money. I wouldn't advise Ryan to make the match under the present conditions, for this reason: Sullivan can lick him sure, and | suffer. if he comes here to fight for \$5,000 he is bound to lose. The original agreement between Sullivan, Ryan and myself was that they should fight for the diamond belt of Fox. which would, of course, go to the winner, along with 25 per cent. of the gate money; the loser also to get 25 per cent. and I to receive 50 per cent., out of which I was to make all arrangements and allow one or two parties here to have an interest, as would be no more than right, they belong the part of part where the difficulty or pain exing in the town. Sullivan has broken his lats will afford ease and comfort. word, but Ryan kept his."

"How is it Fox takes Sullivan up?" "Oh, well," replied Sheedy, smiling, "you see Fox does it as an advertisement; it helps him; but Sullivan will dump him whenever it suits his pleasure. Fox has been waiting to make peace with John L. for some years, and it was I that brought them together. Of course he will back him for all he is worth." "Your opinion of Sullivan has undergone

a change?" "Well, no. I know that he has no word He will promise anything. He would see me now and agree to anything I say, and tomorrow be would make promises of an exactly different nature to some one else. In this instance I thought he would keep faith for his own interests. My opinion of him as a fighter, however, has undergone no change whatever. I will not allow my feeling for him as an individual to prevent me from doing him justice as a pugilist. He is the best man in the ring to day. He can lick Paddy Ryan, and then knock all the others out every hour afterward. He has science, strength and head; there can be no doubt of this. I have seen them all, and I know what I am talking about That is why I say Ryan would be foolish to put up any big money to meet him."

"Isn't John L. injuring himself by drink? "Ah! There's the trouble. John not only drinks, but he loves the bottle. This pres ent trouble with his wife, too, is upsetting him. She is suing, you know, for a divorce, and asks for the care of their baby. Sull! van has bestowed all the affection he possesses on this boy, and the prospect of losing him worries him not a little. Is he training? No he is not; no one knows when he will either. As I said before, he has no word, and therefore you can't place any dependence on him. You can gamble on it, the Ryan-Sullivan fight will not take place.'

"Laugh and Grow Fat," is a precent easily preached, but not so easy to practice. If a person has no appetite, but a distressing nausea, sick-headache, dyspepsia, boils, or any other ill resulting from inaction of the bowels, it is impossible to get up such a laugh as will produce aldermanic corpulence. In order to laugh satisfactorily jour names. In cases were the system has been you must be well, and to be well you must salivated, and murcury has accumulated and be have your bowels in good order. You can come deposited in the bones, joints, etc.. causing have your bowels in good order. You can do this and laugh heartily with Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the little regulators of the liver and bowels and best promoters of jollity.

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THEORIGINATION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY

IVES OF PAIN

RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA have long enough run riot in the human system.

They have tormented the human family and defied the medical faculty; from time out of memory they have corrupted the blood, demoralized the joints, vexed the nerves, agonized the muscles and racked the brain with wearying pain.

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that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us as directed. ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 WALL ST., NEW YORK. APPARATER DE LE PROPERTO DE LA PROPERTO DE LA PORTE DE

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DYSPEPSIA

Radway's Sarsaparillian, sided by Radway's Pills, is a cure for this complaint. It restores strength to the stomach, and makes it perform its functions. The symptoms of dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicine according to the directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

"Read False and True." Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 85 Warren street, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

he name "Bodway" is on what you bur:

Be sure and sak for Hadway's, and see that

I am sixty-seven years old, and have lived in this (Ball) County all my life. Up to twenty-eight years ago I was reparded as the strongest man in the neighborhood—the most robust in health. In November, 1856, I had a long and serious spell of typhoid fever. It left me emsciated and a cripple in my right leg. At times that limb was swollen an enormous size, being twice as large as its natural condition, and inflamed and angry in ap-pearance. From my knee down small sores came, and at the ankle a large ulcer came, which discharged poisonous matter. My whole system be-came injected. The doctors would patch me up for awhile, but the ulcer would never heal. The mercury and potash with which they dosed me brought on rheumatism and dyspepsia. I was an object of plty to all my friends, some thought that the only hope to save life was amputation. I continued to grow worse, and for three years I have not worn a shoe. Hope had almost left me.
Swift's Specific was suggested, and I commenced
its use at once. From the very first I began to feel
better. I have taken thirty six bottles, and the
shadows which had darkened my life for twentyeight years have all been dissipated. The effect of
the medicine has been wonderful indeed. To day
I am amble to stiend to all my farming interests. I am amble to attend to all my farming interests, and to walk from one to five miles per day. I am ratisfied that the disease is entirely broken up. and henceforth I am to be free from those terrible apprehensions and suffering which formerly made my life miserable. Swift's specific has done more for me in one year than all the drug store medi-cine prescribed by physicians did in twenty-eight year, and I most cheerfully bear this testimony WM, R. REED, Hall County, Ga., Feb. 28, 1885,

From the Dissecting Room.

Having taken Swift's Epacific for blood poison contracted at a medical college at a dissection, while I was a medical student, I am grateful to say that it gave me a speedy and thorough cure after my parents had spent hundreds of dollars for treatment. My arm was swollen to twice its usual size, and as nothing helped me I was despairing of ever being cured. But hearing of the 8. S., I bought a bottle, little thinking I would derive any benefit from it. I began taking it regulsrly, and soon the swelling began to go down and the arm ceased to pain me. I continued its use, and after taking eight bottles was thoroughly AUGUSTUS WENDELL, Newark, N. J. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. The Swift Specific Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

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